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JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

Memorial Observances

IN

THE CITY OF WORCESTER



IN CITY COUNCIL,

SEPTEMBER 26, 1881.

ORDERED,—That a joint committee be appointed whose duty it shall be to solicit a copy of the several speeches delivered at the Memorial Service held in Mechanics Hall at noon this day, the same to be published together with such other records of the observances of the event as in the opinion of the committee may be thought desirable.

The following were constituted a joint committee under this order :

CHARLES G. REED,
DORRANCE S. GODDARD,
Aldermen.

EDWARD O. PARKER,
GEORGE E. BATCHELDER,

Compliments of

E. H. Towne,

City Clerk

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JAMES J. TEIRNEY,
Councilmen.





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THE CITY OF WORCESTER

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL.



Worcester, Massachusetts

MDCCCLXXXI



J. A. Gayfield

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JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,

Twentieth President of the United States.

Born in Orange, Ohio, November 19th, 1831.

Died at Elberon, New Jersey, September 19th, 1881.

Æ 49.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

FOR some weeks it had been widely known to the public, through the columns of the press, that, in the fourth month of his newly inaugurated Administration, President Garfield was to leave Washington for the North, on Saturday, July 2, to be absent two weeks. His family joining him from Long Branch, he was to be the guest of Cyrus W. Field, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, until Monday, July 4, at 10 A. M. On that day he was to leave for Williamstown, Mass., *via* Troy, and remain at Williamstown until Thursday, on which day he was to depart for St. Albans, Vt., going thence to Bethlehem, N. H.; on his return journey to Washington, visiting Concord, Mass., Worcester, and Lincoln, in which latter place his ancestors lie buried.

In Worcester, as in other communities, preparations for the observance of the Anniversary of American Independence had been completed, when suddenly there fell upon the nation an event, the story of which cannot be better told than in the words of the successive news dispatches, which were the transmissions of a single morning, filling the whole country with terror and grief, and carrying, over land and under the sea, the same shock to the peoples of both hemispheres.

FIRST DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, JULY 2, 9.30 A. M. President Garfield was shot before leaving the city on the limited express this morning, for his intended trip North. He is believed to be dead.

SECOND DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 9 30 A. M. President Garfield was shot at the Baltimore and Potomac station.

THIRD DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 9.35 A. M. Col. Corbin has just passed, in the President's carriage, with a physician, on his way to the Baltimore and Potomac station.

FOURTH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 10 A. M. It is reported that President Garfield is dead, but the excitement is so intense that it is impossible to find out anything definite at present.

The man who shot him has been arrested.

FIFTH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 10.15 A. M. President Garfield is now lying in a private room in the officers' quarters of the Baltimore and Potomac station, and Doctors Bliss, Surgeon-General Barnes, and Dr. Purvis (colored) are in attendance.

SIXTH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 10.15 A. M. The shooting was done by a slender man about 5 feet 7 inches high, who refused to give his name, but is said by persons who profess to know, to be one Dooty.

The prisoner was arrested immediately after the firing by officers in the depot. He was first taken to the police head-quarters, and subsequently removed to the district jail.

SEVENTH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 10.20 A. M. The President is now being conveyed to the Executive Mansion under a strong escort of metropolitan police. Two companies of regulars have been ordered out from the Washington barracks, to preserve quiet, as great excitement exists in the streets. The shooting took place in the presence of some fifty or sixty ladies. The pistol with which the firing was done was of very heavy calibre, better known as a "Bull-Dozer." Two shots were fired. Both took effect. The first wound is in the right arm; the second is just above the right hip, and near the kidney. The physicians have probed for the second ball unsuccessfully.

EIGHTH DISPATCH.

DEPARTMENT STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., 10.20 A. M., July 2, 1881.

James Russell Lowell, Minister, &c., London:

The President of the United States was shot this morning by an assassin named Charles Guiteau. The weapon was a large sized revolver. The President had just reached the Baltimore and Potomac Station at about twenty minutes past nine, and intended, with a portion of his Cabinet, to leave on the limited express for New York. I rode in the carriage with him from the Executive Mansion, and was walking by his side when he was shot. The assassin was immediately arrested, and the President was conveyed to a private room in the station building and surgical aid at once summoned. He has now been removed to the Executive Mansion. The surgeons in consultation regard his wounds as very serious, though not necessarily fatal. His vigorous health gives strong hopes of his recovery. He has not lost consciousness for a moment. Inform our ministers in Europe. JAMES G. BLAINE,

Secretary of State.

NINTH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 11.05 A. M. President Garfield is conscious and does not complain of great suffering, and he has just dictated a telegram to his wife.

It is impossible to say as yet what the result will be, but the surgeons are of the opinion that the wounds are not necessarily fatal. The following is the telegram which has been sent to the President's wife:

MRS. GARFIELD, ELBERON, LONG BRANCH. The President wishes me to say to you from him, that he has been seriously hurt. How seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you.

A. J. ROCKWELL.

TENTH DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, 11.15 A. M. The name of the assassin, as written by himself, is Charles Guiteau. He says he is an attorney at law, from Chicago.

The earliest official act of Mayor Kelley, immediately following the news of the assassination, was in the following order, wisely suspending, in Worcester, the usual demonstrations in observance of the Fourth of July:

PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF WORCESTER, Sunday, July 3, 1881.

Owing to the critical condition of the President, the Committee having in charge the customary public demonstration on the Anniversary of Independence, have decided, at my request, to suspend all such demonstration and allow the day to be kept as quiet as possible. And I would recommend that all places of business be closed during the day, to-morrow, and that the day be observed with the deep sorrow and anxiety which pervades the entire community.

F. H. KELLEY, *Mayor*.

At the same time it was arranged and announced by the city authorities, that, immediately on the event of receiving news of the fatal issue of the President's condition, the fire-bells should be tolled for one hour, at half minute intervals, and a special meeting of the City Council immediately called.

From this time, through a period of seventy-nine days, the bulletins from the sick-room took the precedence of all other topics of the time. The morning reports of the physicians in attendance upon the President, were sought first among news intelligence. On frequent public occasions of gathering, on week-day or on the Sabbath, the newspaper bulletin of the hour, with its varying suggestions of hope or despair, was given to the audiences. The features of this unbroken period of anguish were much the same in Worcester as in other communities throughout the land. It deserves to be noted that the enterprise of our local newspaper press was characterized by numerous instances of generous heed for the public sorrow. At the frequent periods of specially deepened anxiety, they sent extra bulletins in advance of publication, to be read to the audiences in churches and other public assemblies. The first formal action in public assemblage in Worcester, deserves, for this reason, but even more from its special attendant features, to be noted in this place.

PROCEEDINGS AT NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

On Sunday morning, July 3d, at Notre Dame Church, the pastor, Rev. Father J. B. Primeau, read the newspaper bulletin dispatch of the morning, and then said :

“ The French Catholics of Worcester, whether they have become American citizens, or remain English subjects, have received, with the greatest sorrow and most visible horror, news of the attempted assassination of the first American citizen, the President of the United States. One of the most fervent prayers of our Church will be said for the recovery and salvation of the President, and the safety of the Republic.

Glory to God, it is next to certain that an act of insanity, and not a crime, has spread such national commotion.”

After the celebration of High Mass a public meeting was held in St Jean Baptiste Hall, and called to order by Mr. J. C. Rocheleau, and Ferd. Gagnon, Esq., editor of *Le Travailleur*, was called to the chair. Mr. Alfred Lucier was elected Vice-President, and F. A. Charbonneau, Secretary. The Chairman explained, with deep feeling, the object of the meeting, and, on motion, the following gentlemen were nominated as Committee on Resolutions : Ferd. Gagnon, Joseph Marchessault, J. C. Rocheleau, Pierre Corriveau, Amede LeMay.

After a recess of ten minutes, the Chairman presented the following resolutions which were adopted by a deep and impressive silence, all persons present bowing their heads as a significance of their approval :

Resolved, That the members of the Parish of Notre Dame des Canadiens de Worcester, have learned with a profound and sensible grief the news of the attempt to assassinate the President of the United States ; that as loyal citizens, being members of different political parties, they form at this meeting but one party of men full with emotion in the face of such an event : that they have but *one* voice, one sentiment. They offer their most humble and deeply felt condolence to the devoted wife and family of the President, and express fervent hope, and offer prayers for the recovery of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. They protest against the information published somewhere, that the assassin, Guiteau, is a French Canadian, because Guiteau is not a Canadian name, and because the assassin was born in the United States, of parents from here. That these resolutions be published in the *Gazette*, with request to the other city papers to copy.

On the same Sunday, the attempted assassination of the President was alluded to, to a greater or less extent in nearly every church in the city, and in many, the whole service was devoted to its consideration.

On Monday, July 4th, a Union Prayer Meeting was held in Mechanics Hall at noon, an impressive ceremony, with a large attendance, the platform being occupied by the clergy and well known citizens. The opening remarks were made by Rev. Geo. W. Phillips, who conducted the services. The morning special bulletins of the condition of the President were read, both at the opening and close of the meeting. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Merriman. Selections of Scripture were read by Rev. Dr. Marshall. Remarks were made by Rev. M. H. Harris, Prof. Charles O. Thompson,

Rev. D. O. Mears, and United States Senator Hoar. The Funeral March, by Batiste, was played as an organ voluntary by C. C. Stearns, and the large congregation united in singing the hymns "Nearer my God to Thee," "O God, our Help in ages past," and "Oh God of Bethel, by whose hand."

On Tuesday, September 5, the President was removed from Washington to Elberon, on the sea shore at New Jersey; the journey and its effects watched with thrilling anxiety by the nation.

In common action with nearly all the Governors of States, responding to the universal sentiment of the people, issued among the first days of September, there appeared the following

PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR LONG.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[Official.]

By his Excellency, John D. Long, Governor of the Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

I hereby appoint Thursday, the eighth day of September current, between the hours of ten in the forenoon, and twelve noon, as a time for universal prayer by the people of the Commonwealth. Turning from the usual pursuit, gathering in the meeting house or at home, let all our hearts go up in fervent appeal to Almighty God to spare the President's life, and restore him to health.

Given at the Executive Chamber, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

JOHN D. LONG.

By his Excellency the Governor.

HENRY B. PIERCE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

On the day thus designated, there were public services held in a number of the city churches, these, in most instances, being union meetings of several congregations. Very large assemblies of this character met at Union Church, and the Old South. A special service was held at All Saints. At Notre Dame there was a special service, with the prayer of the church for the President's recovery.

The courts were adjourned, and business almost generally suspended throughout the city during the hour named in the Governor's Proclamation.

At this time the Annual Fair of the New England Agricultural Society was in progress in Worcester, and, in accordance with the action of the Executive Committee, the officers of the Society, with their distinguished guests, Gen. Sherman, Hon. Horace Maynard, Gov. Long, U. S. Senator Hoar and others, with a large assembly gathered from the Fair Grounds, came together in the President's tent at 11.30, where brief remarks and a prayer were made by Rev. C. M. Lamson.

One of the impressive proofs of the universal grief at the hopeless condition of the President, was seen at the ploughing match, on the hillside north of the Fair Grounds, where, at 10.30 A. M., the marshal called the workmen and spectators together for prayer. There was an immediate response; the ploughs were left in the furrows, all gathered under the open sky, and with reverent attitude listened to and joined in the prayer. All heads were uncovered, some knelt, many wept. After the brief service the men resumed their work in silence.

A few more days of steadily deepening anxiety and dread, and the following official dispatch was sent, at midnight, from Elberon to Vice President Arthur, then at his home in New York City :

A DISPATCH FROM CABINET OFFICERS.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., SEPT. 19., 11 P. M.

To Chester A. Arthur, Vice President of the United States :

It becomes our painful duty to inform you of the death of President Garfield, and to advise you to take the oath of office as President of the United States without delay. If it concurs with your judgment, will be very glad if you will come here on the earliest train to-morrow.

WILLIAM WINDOM, *Secretary of the Treasury.*

W. H. HUNT, *Secretary of the Navy.*

THOMAS L. JAMES, *Postmaster-General.*

WAYNE McVEAGH, *Attorney-General.*

S. J. KIRKWOOD, *Secretary of Interior.*

At the same midnight hour the bells were tolling in all points of the land reached by the telegraph, and at the same hour, in New York City, the Vice President took the oath of office as President of the United States.

In Worcester, as in other cities, many citizens, aroused by the tolling bells, left their homes to seek the newspaper offices, and read fuller confirmation of the intelligence, so long awaited with dread.

Says the *Worcester Spy*, Sept. 20: "The news of President Garfield's death was received at this office at 11 o'clock last night. Word was at once sent to the house of Engineer Brophy, and in a few moments the fire alarm bells made the sad announcement to the people, who had taken fresh courage from the evening bulletins. Crowds at once gathered in front of the *Spy* bulletin, where the simple announcement appeared: 'The President died at 10.35.' No additional details were received until after midnight, when they were promptly bulletined. The crowds, called from their bed by the solemn tolling of the bells, discussed the news quietly, many standing with tears in their eyes. The bells tolled until 1 o'clock A. M., after which the people quietly dispersed."

The following is the official announcement of the order of funeral services :

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 20.

The following arrangements for funeral services have been ordered by the Cabinet, and are given to the press for the information of the public :

The remains of the late President of the United States will be removed to Washington by special train on Wednesday, Sept. 21, leaving Elberon at 10 A. M., and reaching Washington at 4 P. M. Detachments from the United States Army and from the marines of the Navy will be in attendance on the arrival at Washington to perform escort duty. The remains will lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol on Thursday and Friday, and will be guarded by deputations from the Executive department and by officers of the Senate and House of Representatives. Religious ceremonies will be observed in the rotunda at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon. At 5 o'clock the remains will be transferred to the funeral car, and be removed to Cleveland, Ohio, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, arriving there on Saturday, at 2 P. M. In Cleveland the remains will lie in state until Monday at 2 P. M., and then be interred in Lake View Cemetery. No ceremonies are expected in the cities and towns along the route of the funeral train, beyond the tolling of bells.

Detailed arrangements for final sepulture are committed to the municipal authorities of Cleveland, and under the direction of the Executive of the State of Ohio.

(Signed)

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

President Arthur, who had previously taken the oath of office at New York, was formally inaugurated at Washington, at 12 o'clock, M. on Thursday, Sept. 22d, and on the same day issued the following :

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Whereas, In his inscrutable wisdom, it has pleased God to remove from us the illustrious head of the nation, James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, and

Whereas, It is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts, should manifest itself with one accord toward the Head of Infinite Grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty, and seek from him that consolation in our affliction, and sanctification of our loss which He is able and willing to vouchsafe.

Now, therefore, in obedience to sacred duty, and in accordance with the desire of the people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Monday, the 26th day of September, on which day the remains of our honored President will be consigned to their last resting place on earth, to be observed as a day of humiliation and mourning.

And I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God, and of reverence and love for the memory of our late Chief Magistrate.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 22nd day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1881, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and sixth.

(Signed), CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

On the same day Gov. Long issued the following :

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

President Garfield is dead. It is announced that his funeral will be on Monday next, the twenty-sixth day of September. I therefore ask the people of the Commonwealth to make that a sacred day, and to keep it accordingly.

A day of consecration to Almighty God; of mourning for the great dead; of sympathy with his widow, his children, and his aged mother; yet, also, of gratitude for his noble life, and of inspiration springing from his example for the manhood of the future.

I trust, too, that on the intervening Sabbath, all the churches will commemorate the man and the event.

Given at the Executive Chamber the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

JOHN D. LONG.

On Saturday, Sept. 24th, there appeared the followidg

PROCLAMATION BY MAYOR KELLEY.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF WORCESTER, Sept. 24, 1881.

In furtherance of the proclamation of the President of the United States, and that of the Governor of Massachusetts, I hereby direct that the public schools of the city be dismissed for Monday afternoon next, the time appointed for the obsequies of the late lamented President, and I would suggest to the teachers to lay aside the ordinary school work of Monday forenoon, and devote the time to inculcating some useful lessons from the heroic life and character of the dead whom the nation mourn. I would advise that all work in the several departments of the city be suspended, and that the city offices be closed throughout the entire day. I need not remind our citizens of the requests made in the official announcements referred to,—they will be respected.

F. H. KELLEY, *Mayor.*

The proceedings of a more public nature, that were the share of the citizens of Worcester in these last tributes of memory and respect, it is the purpose of the following pages to preserve in this form, in accordance with the order of the City Council.

ACTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

A SPECIAL session of the City Council was held on Tuesday evening, September 20th, pursuant to a call from Mayor Kelley, to take action on the death of President Garfield. The two branches met in special session, when Mayor Kelley formally announced the object of the meeting, as follows:

MAYOR KELLEY'S REMARKS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY COUNCIL: We assemble to-night under circumstances of peculiar sadness, to express, in an appropriate manner, the feelings of sorrow and grief of our citizens at the death of James A. Garfield, President of the United States, which occurred at Long Branch, N. J., thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock last evening. The people of Worcester, in common with the people of the nation, mourn the death of the chief magistrate, a magistrate who has become endeared to them in no ordinary degree by these anxious weeks of heroic endurance of pain and disease. In the full maturity of his mind, with opportunity and desire to serve his well beloved native land, he has been rudely bereft of that life, which had so much in it for him, for his family, and for the country. The loss is too overwhelming, and the grief too great and oppressive for fitting expression in words. We can only bow our heads, and wait with heavy hearts for the first force of the solemn event to pass. From all civilized lands, and from all human bosoms under the broad canopy of heaven, there go to his devoted wife and stricken family expressions of sympathy and grief such as rarely prevail among men. His life is familiar to all his fellow countrymen. The labors and hardships of his early youth; his courageous, laborious and devoted manhood; the work and triumph in his great career, and the crowning

spectacle of patience and fortitude under protracted suffering—all these are known in every American home. His pure and patriotic life furnishes a model for those who are to come after him. He has died untimely and with much good work undone; but he has not lived and died in vain. The world is better for his presence in it, and the beneficent influence will last far into the future.

Alderman Marsh offered the following, which were adopted on motion of President Shattuck of the Common Council, seconded by Councilman O'Gorman :

RESOLUTIONS.

The City Council of Worcester, in convention assembled, desires to place upon its records an expression of the grief this community, in common with the people of the United States, feels on this, the occasion of the death of President Garfield.

It is meet that we assemble here to-day, in recognition of the fact that this event touches very tenderly the hearts of all our people. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we are grateful for the example of the youth of James Abram Garfield; for his love of country in its hour of peril; for his wise counsels and earnest words in behalf of sound legislation in the halls of Congress; and for the promise, so sadly blighted, of a beneficent administration of the government during his term of office.

Resolved, That we recognize his patient endurance, his cheerful spirit, his lofty and serene trust during the days of his suffering and anxiety.

Resolved, That we found in him a loyalty to the sacredness of home, to an observance of the holy duties of religion, to a faithful participation in the affairs of the state, that makes his example a precious inheritance to the nation.

Resolved, That we bear in mind his afflicted family, recognizing particularly the ceaseless vigils of his noble wife, and the tender love of his aged mother.

Resolved, That we rejoice that his life was spared so long, and that even in his helplessness and exhaustion, he has done so much for his country, by opening the tide of sympathy from all classes and conditions, thus hushing the bitterness of party and hostility of section, and making us, more than ever, one people.

COUNCILMAN O'GORMAN'S REMARKS.

Councilman O'Gorman, in seconding the resolutions, said :

MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I had hoped that others abler than myself would speak on the resolutions offered by Alderman Marsh; but I cannot let the oppor-

tunity pass without offering my meed of praise to this great and good man. The unity of sentiment evoked by this greatest of calamities that could befall the nation at this time, has no parallel in our history, unless, perhaps, in the death of the lamented Abraham Lincoln. And if a ray of sunshine there is in this our great misfortune, it is most touchingly referred to in one of the resolutions. It has demonstrated, beyond a doubt, the unity of our people. All party lines are obliterated; social, sectional and religious divisions forgotten. On every lip has been, and from every heart has come, the prayer that the life of our honored President be spared to his country. We all believed such was the sentiment of the country, but I doubt if any believed it to exist to so great an extent as has been demonstrated during the last few weeks. Men of the type of President Garfield die but to live in their good works, and the good example bequeathed by them to posterity. May his soul rest in peace.

Alderman Reed offered the following, which was also adopted:

Ordered, That His Honor the Mayor cause the City Hall to be appropriately draped, the flags to be displayed at half-mast for a period of six days, and that the bells of the city be tolled during the hour set apart for the funeral of the late President.

THE MEETING AT MECHANICS HALL.

IN response to a spontaneous movement among citizens, a call was issued for a public meeting at Mechanics Hall, on Monday, the day of the President's burial at Cleveland. By the courtesy and co-operation of the Executive Committee of the Worcester County Musical Festival, then in occupancy of the Hall, the audience room was filled at 12 M., its seating capacity largely increased by the chorus seats, rising in deep banks from the platform. By this means it is believed that the hall, the most commodious in central Massachusetts, accommodated on this occasion the largest audience ever assembled within its walls. The doors were open at 11 o'clock, and at the hour appointed for the exercises to commence every seat was occupied.

The account of the *Gazette*, of Tuesday, 27th, says: "The great chorus of the Festival was present, and with Mr. G. W. Sumner at the organ, led the large congregation in the hymns of the occasion. The hall was crowded with people, and hundreds went away, unable to get even a place on the stair-cases within hearing distance of the platform.

Mayor Kelley presided, and with him upon the platform were a large body of well-known citizens, H. M. Smith acting as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Among them were S. Salisbury, Jr., E. B. Stoddard, L. J. Knowles, Charles A. Chase, W. T. Merrifield, P. Emory Aldrich, G. Henry Whitcomb, A. B. R. Sprague, Charles E. Stevens, Charles H. Doe, J. Evarts Greene, C. M. Miles, Aug. N. Currier, S. R. Heywood, Wm. Dickinson, Dr. J. Sargent, P. L. Moen, Nath'l Paine, Joseph Mason, Adin Thayer, Calvin Foster, P. C. Bacon, T. C. Bates, J. Pickett, A. P. Marble, D. S. Messenger, E. A. Goodnow, and Sumner Pratt, besides a large representation of the local clergy."

The exercises opened with an Anthem, by the Festival Chorus, under direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, as follows :

Cast thy Burden upon the Lord ; and He shall sustain thee :
He never will suffer the righteous to fall ;
He is at thy right hand.
Thy mercy Lord is great : and far above the heavens.
Let none be made ashamed, that wait upon Thee.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. W. Johnston of Grace Church, after which Rev. C. M. Lamson, of Salem St. church, read the

SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

The righteous hath hope in his death. The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are His everlasting arms.

Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it was not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself : that where I am, there ye may be also.

After the reading of the Scripture, Rev. Mr. Lamson spoke as follows :

REV. MR. LAMSON'S REMARKS.

Has there ever been, in the history of this or any other land, a sorrow so unanimous as our present grief ? By a real and solemn adoption, every state and every household has received the President into the sweetness and sanctity of its own home, and now weep for him as for the death of a first-born. Every business covers its doors with the signs of sorrow, as if it would thus protect itself from the rude intrusion of a selfish love of gain. By its sincere sympathy the civilized world joins in the long procession of mourners, as this day the mortal President is borne up the hillside to the tomb. It is a sad and memorable spectacle. But God has so made human hearts that sorrow is often accompanied by a most reasonable joy. There is satisfaction in the truth that the people have a profound adoration for the worth of personal justice, purity and charity. In the people's agony is seen the soundness of the people's heart. All

the world, all future political conventions, may now know the popular idea of a president. This one was the "man of the people."

In the last three months through sympathy with him in his suffering, there has been a new and popular election. The men, the women, even the children, have chosen Garfield as a leader. They saw no stain on the borders of his garments—every wisdom was in his brain, and every virtue in his heart. He was the sage, the hero, the saint. There let him live for generations, clothed in white, a leader and commander of the people.

I fear, however, that our sorrow may vanish as an amiable sympathy, a luxury of grief, before it changes to wisdom and duty in our hearts. It is a shallow grief that ceases when it has been once felt and told, that grieves for the loss of the good while it retreats from the pursuit of the good. While your hearts are tender from the memory of this "man of sorrow," I urge you to come with him near to "the Man of Sorrow," in whom grief never went to waste, and in whose eyes the Christian republic may see the light of men. Solemn duties approach our sacred grief, and will not be silent. When Garfield went to God from Elberon by the sea, he left behind this command: "Whether your time calls you to live or die, do both like a prince."

The entire audience then joined in singing two verses of the hymn commencing,

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;

Hon. W. W. Rice, member of Congress from this district, was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

HON. W. W. RICE'S ADDRESS.

These days are indeed full of sad but rich experience. A week has not passed since the hush of midnight was broken by the tolling of bells, announcing that the prayers of the nation were not to be granted, but that its best be-

loved lay dead. On Friday, his obsequies were fittingly observed in the National Capitol, and to-day, in response to the first official act of the new President, we meet in token of our submission to the will of Almighty God, with hearts filled with reverence and love for our late President, while we commit dust to dust, ashes to ashes, burying our dead out of our sight.

Universal grief pervades the people, for the greatness of their loss can not be estimated. Innumerable eyes are wet with tears, for the noble widow and orphaned children are standing by the open grave of husband and father; but, if we properly improve this hour of solemn reflection, we may find gladness in our grief, and consolation, triumph even, in our affliction.

Our President accomplished more by his sickness and death, than, in human probability, he could have done by life. Let us remember this, and be glad in the midst of our sorrow. Most significant were the palms, emblems of victory, which were bent over his bier, beneath the dome of the Capitol, and which lay upon it, as they bore him beyond the mountains, for the nation buries to-day a triumphant chief, a conquering hero, in the beautiful city by the lake.

His personal triumph is such as has fallen to the lot of but few men. Elevated at a comparatively early age to the Presidency, his future was hopeful rather than assured. In the ordinary course, long years of toil with doubtful result lay before him. All now is changed — there is no longer doubt. He has won the crown. No power can displace it. His terrible sufferings, not half appreciated until since his death, were in the sight of the whole world, and he spoke no unmanly word, did no unworthy act. He was tried as by fire, and found of purest metal. Of him the verdict of the civilized world has been rendered, and it is irreversible: "This was indeed a man."

But Garfield's personal triumph, great as it is, is not the greatest which he won, or that in which his noble nature would most rejoice. The spirit of our free institutions fought in him and prevailed. Born in a cabin, reared in poverty, he died the peer of any man on earth. As a scholar,—almost self-educated,—as a statesman, learning his lessons in the hard school of daily

practice, he may be compared without disadvantage even with Gladstone, the highest fruit of English culture and training; while his death-bed furnished evidences of a faithfulness, loyalty and courtesy for which we may seek in vain in the annals that recount the virtues of a Bayard, or a Sydney. We cannot doubt, since Garfield has died, the capacity of our institutions to develop from humblest origin the scholar, statesman, gentleman, and Christian: at least, in an equal degree, with those which rest upon distinctions in birth and wealth.

Garfield was of the Puritan faith and type. He held fast to the old doctrines — worshipped through life in the little church on Vermont Avenue, with those whose faith he had accepted in early youth. His obsequies were conducted in the presence of President and ex-Presidents, of the representatives of this great people and of kings and emperors, by the plain, earnest clergymen of the Christian sect of which, through all mutations of fortune, he had been a constant and consistent communicant. Ah, that old Puritan spirit, criticise it as we may, it has wrestled in old times with kings, and has prevailed; it has planted the institutions of this great nation, and guarded their infant growth; it has crushed, sometimes with relentless hand, what would work them ill, and now comes again to the front, manifests itself, vindicates its strength, its right to rule, triumphs again in the character, the life and the death of Garfield.

Garfield was a patriot; he fought for the union and nationality of his country. In his public life since the war, he has sought to disarm sectional bitterness, and to re-establish harmony and friendly co-operation in national affairs. He has sometimes been criticised as willing to yield too much to the prejudices and wishes of southern representatives. He never sacrificed essentials, but in the generosity of his nature he accepted the friendship of political opponents, and sought by personal intercourse to inspire them with the same love of a united and harmonious country which filled his own heart. Although he was the foremost champion of northern principles, and their most eloquent advocate in the national councils, yet the magnanimity of his character was so well understood at the South, that his Administration was anticipated by that section hope-

fully, as an era of restoration and prosperity. These friendly sentiments have been stimulated into reverence, almost worship, by the noble bearing of the President during his unparalleled sufferings. Southern cities, as well as northern are draped in mourning, and their citizens are joining with us in the funeral exercises of to-day. Garfield is felt to be the property of the whole nation. Sections, races, parties, meet in a community of sorrow. Of course the old issues are not extinct, differences still exist; in the nature of things this is not only inevitable but for the best; but only good can come from the fact that for one day all hearts are united in a complete sympathy and love. The unification of the Republic has been promoted by the death of Garfield as we could scarcely hope it would have been by his life.

I have thus briefly alluded to some of the considerations from which we may take comfort in this day of mourning. The time allotted will permit no more.

The life whose loss we mourn has accomplished its great work. We could have spared any other better, and yet the nation scarcely feels the change. A simple ceremony in a private house in New York took place almost during the tolling of the bells by which the death of the President was announced. There was no change of rulers. One whom the rulers had chosen to represent them had passed away, and another taken his place. A great man had died, but the government by the people and for the people, had not felt a wound.

At the conclusion of Mr. Rice's address Rev. Mr. Lamson gave out another hymn, which he said was sung in this hall, sixteen years ago, at a similar meeting after the death of President Lincoln. The audience joined in singing the hymn, commencing—

Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ —

Mayor Kelley announced as the next speaker, Hon. George F. Hoar, United States Senator from Massachusetts.

HON. GEO. F. HOAR'S ADDRESS.

I suppose, at this single hour, there is deeper grief over the civilized world than at any other single hour in its history. Heroes, and statesmen, and monarchs, and orators, and warriors, and great benefactors of the race, have died and been buried. There have been men like William the Silent and his kinsmen of England, and men like Lincoln, whose death generations unborn when they died, will lament with a sense as of personal bereavement. But in the past the knowledge of great events and great characters made its way slowly to the minds of men. The press and the telegraph have this summer assembled all Christendom, morning and evening, at the door of one sick chamber.

The gentle and wise Lincoln had to overcome the hatred and bitterness of a great civil war. It was the fortune of President Garfield, as it was never the fortune of any other man, that his whole life has been unrolled as a scroll to be read of all men. The recent election had made us all familiar with that story of the childhood in the log cabin; of the boyhood on the canal boat; of the precious school time; of the college days at the feet of our saintly Hopkins; of the school teacher; of the marriage to the bright and beautiful schoolmate; of the Christian preacher; of the soldier, saving the army at Chickamauga; of the statesman, leading in great debates in congress and on the hustings; of the orator, persuading the conscience and the judgment of Ohio, and through her saving the nation's honor and credit in the great strife for public honesty; of the judge determining the great issue of the title to the Presidency; of the loved and trusted popular leader, to whom was offered the choice of three great offices — Representative, Senator, and President — at once. We know it all by heart, as we know the achievements of the brief and brilliant administration of the presidential office, and the heroic patience and cheer of that long dying struggle, when every sigh of agony was uttered in a telephone at which all mankind were listening. No wonder the heart burst at last. While it was throbbing and pulsing with fever and pain, it furnished the courage which held up for seventy-nine days the sinking hopes of the world.

This man touched the common life of humanity, touched its lowliness, touched its greatness, at so many points. His roots were in New England Puritanism, were in the yeomanry of Worcester and Middlesex. He grew up to manhood in Ohio. The South had learned to know him. Her soldiers had met him in battle. When he died she was making ready to clasp the hand he was holding out to her returning loyalty. The child in the log cabin knows all about the childhood so like his own. Scholarship mourns the scholar who was struck down when he was hastening to lay his untarnished laurels at the feet of his college. Every mother's heart in America stirred within her when the first act of the new president was to pay homage to his own mother. The soldiers and sailors of England, the veterans of Trafalgar and Waterloo, join his own comrades in mourning for a hero whom they deemed worthy to be ranked with the heroes who held out the live-long day with Wellington, or who obeyed Nelson's immortal signal.* The laborer misses a brother who has known all the bitterness of poverty and the sweetness of bread earned by the sweat of the brow. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, sovereign of Cyprus and Malta, and Gibraltar, and Canada, and Australia, knew her peer, when she laid her wreath, last Friday, on the coffin of a king. The last we heard of him in health he was playing like a boy with his boy. As our friend said in the pulpit yesterday, the giants of mankind when they saw him knew the birth mark of their race and bowed their heads. The American people have anointed him as the representative of their own sovereignty. Washington and Lincoln, even now, are coming forward to greet him, and welcome him to a seat beside their own.

I said there is deeper grief at this hour over the civilized world than at any other single hour in history. It seems to me that the death of President Garfield is the greatest single

* "The veteran soldiers and sailors here, including a few survivors of Trafalgar and Waterloo, earnestly solicit the American minister to convey to Mrs. Garfield their deep and earnest sympathy, and their regret for the good and gallant soldier she has lost."—*Col. Poulett Cameron's Dispatch from Cheltenham.*

calamity this country ever suffered. I have no doubt there were hundreds of thousands of men who would gladly have bought his life with their own. But we shall dishonor our dead hero if, even while his grave is open, we allow ourselves to utter a cry of despair. We would not, if we could, blot out of our history our national sorrows. It is true of all nations, even more than of men, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Our republic was planted in sorrow. One-half of the Pilgrims died at Plymouth the first winter, and yet not one of the original colony went back to England. Is there any man now who would they had not died, or wishes they had found summer, and plenty, and ease, and life and length of days on the coast of Massachusetts? Could we celebrate Yorktown with the same lofty triumph without the memories of Valley Forge and the death of Hale and Warren? I think even the widow who goes mourning all her days, will hardly wish now that our regiments had come home from the war with full ranks.

God has taken from us our beloved: but think what has been bought with this precious life. Fifty millions of people, of many races, of many climes — the workman, the farmer, the slave just made free — met together to choose the man whom they would call to the primacy among mankind. God took him in his first hour of triumph, and stretched him for seventy-nine days upon a rack. He turned in upon that sick chamber a blazing light, that all mankind might look in upon that cruel assay, and see what manner of man and what manner of woman Freedom calls to her high places. He revealed there courage, constancy, cheerfulness, woman's love, faith in God, submission to his will. Into what years of Europe, into what cycles of Cathay were ever crowded so much of hope and cheer for humanity as into the tragedy of Elberon? Your prayers were not answered; the bitter cup has not passed from you; but so long as human hearts endure, humanity will be strengthened and comforted because you have drank it.

The closing address was made by Hon. Alexander H. Bullock, Ex-Governor of the Commonwealth.

HON. A. H. BULLOCK'S ADDRESS.

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS: I have no words, I have no capacity for words, fitted to this occasion of distress and sympathy. The pall which hung suspended in mid-heaven well nigh three months, has at length dropped and thrown its shadow over all. Never before, for a similar period of time, have the sensibilities of fifty millions of people, having in accord with them the hearts of all civilized countries, been so stirred each morning and evening by alternations of hope and despair,—by one common, universal emotion of sympathy for a national victim suffering with a heroism patient and sublime; by daily bulletins of scenes of domestic devotion and tenderness of rarest sweetness; by an all-pervading anxiety, which found then its only relief in a nation's prayers, which reaches now its natural termination when the sense of anxiety is supplanted by the sense of desolation. Such has been our intensified consciousness and experience for a period of three months. The drama is over. The strain which this prolonged and anxious suspense has laid upon our emotional nature, has given way to the last tidings and to the last grief.

The President has passed from the scene of daily bulletins, and henceforth he is at rest. The memory of his life and character will be embalmed in our hearts by the memory of his sufferings and death. Never before, in the annals of the race, on so large a field of observation, have a whole people been brought so closely and tenderly around the death bed of their ruler. From the east and west, from the north and south, from the ever memorable second of July to the memorable nineteenth of September, every American was brought by the electric cords into an intimate acquaintance with the President; an acquaintance which has been enriched, endeared and sanctified by the pathos of each succeeding day. He was struck down at the moment of starting on his first official excursion, designed that he might become better acquainted with the people of his care in New England; but they know him far better now than would have been possible from his passing through their villages, even with all his magnetic power in life. And what a

scene for acquaintance that has been, which we have all, as it were, witnessed! His submission to the first shock, without repining; his serene acceptance of the slight hope which was held out to him for living; his calmness and fortitude through these eighty days, alternating with light and darkness; his thoughtfulness and inquiry for the public service amid the weariness and depression of his sinking condition; his affectionate intercourse from the couch of languishing with his family, his kindred, and his friends; his resolute determination to live for his country, if it might be possible, but readiness to depart if such were the divine will; his almost triumphant gazing upon the sea, "the emblem of eternity, the throne of the invisible," with which his spirit fell into sweet and solemn harmony; his last evening upon earth, when in the presence of those most dear to him, and of the kindly refrain of the ocean, and of the constellations shining over him, his soul ascended above the constellations, attuned to the apostrophe of the pious Doddridge:

"Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode.

The pavement of the heavenly court where I shall reign with God."

Ah, my friends, these scenes have made up a treasury for the memory, for the instruction, for the frequently recurring sympathies and affections of the American people for many years to come. And so long as they shall continue to lament the blow which cut him down at the very opening of a brilliant national career, their affections and susceptibilities will group themselves around these scenes of mourning all the more tenderly because of the personal virtues which diffuse such fragrance over his untimely end.

But in this hour of our grief and depression let us take heart that, while the Lord removes the workman, He will carry on the work. As the late President himself observed, when, sixteen years ago, his martyr predecessor was in the same manner taken from us, it becomes us to remember that God reigns and the nation lives. Kings and Presidents die, but the state is immortal. Some of you have gazed at the window in the vast palace at Versailles, where, in former days, when the French monarchy lived, the state herald stepped out at the

moment of the death of a King, proclaiming,—“the King is dead, hail to the King.” It was the giving form and expression to the impressive truth that, while rulers are mortal the nation is perpetual, under the protection of the Most High. I was impressed by a remark which was made by the late Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons, upon the occasion of the death of President Lincoln. He said that he had noticed that assassination had seldom affected the current of history. The remark is largely true, and is fraught with historical encouragement. The Lord in his wisdom permits the assassin to play his foul part—but it stops with one life, and he is not permitted to obstruct the august purposes of Providence in the affairs of the world. Gerard inflicted what seemed a mortal blow upon the hopes of the Low Counties in the assassination of William the Silent: but there was still left a Ruler above, and the people of those stricken states continued on in their struggle till they conquered independence of the Spanish King and deliverance from the Spanish inquisition. Ravallac gave a terrible shock to the spirit of the French people by the murder of Henry the Fourth; but the irresistible wheels of Providence continued to revolve propitiously over progressive and beautiful France. And, at a most critical stage of our own history, Booth startled the human race from its confidence by the death of Lincoln; but the American people took affairs into their own hands, and re-constructed and re-consolidated what, by common consent, is now the foremost nation of the world. This same instruction is repeated by the present calamity. It is among the inscrutable and mysterious dealings of Divine Providence that our chief magistrate, so noble by the temper of his mind and heart, so invested with promise to this country by his broad experience and attainments, so certain to become an exemplar for any future age by his purity of character, should have been allowed to fall by the hand of the assassin. But the mystery goes no farther; and it has been assured to us by the manifestations of God in history that the consequences of the crime cannot reach the life of the government. No—let us not be afraid of any disturbance of the American government, which is allied to the throne of Heaven

and to the hearts of fifty millions who trust in the God of their fathers.

And, in this moment of our bereavement, it is important that we take one thought more into our reflections. It is important that we should guard the fountains of the moral sense of the nation, which is the only source of the public security. When the disorganizer is a conspicuous factor of the social problem, let the Christian conservator take heed of his own responsibility. Every virtuous magistrate, every minister of our holy religion, every public or private teacher, every man and woman of sobriety of thought—let him, let her, in every word of the mouth, in every lesson to the young, be set firm against the socialistic doctrine,—that doctrine of shame and horror,—that the assassin may be a legitimate instrument of reform. To the assassin, if to any one in the whole universe of God, should be appropriated the Latin phrase of the law of nations — *hostis humani generis* — *the enemy of the human race*. Americans, who instill the opinion that some particular national ruler may pass rightfully under the stroke of the assassin, give that support to this enemy of mankind which may commend, nay, which has already commended, our poisoned chalice to our own lips. The sovereign of the great empire in the east,—the only crowned head in all Europe who was our true and steadfast friend through every crisis of our late civil war,—had scarcely been struck down by a band of assassins, and voices of approval uttered in the free speech of this country had scarcely died away from the lips of many persons, native and foreign-born alike, when the dangerous lesson fell with horrible application at our own door. There can be no tribunal in all the earth which may establish a boundary between justifiable and unjustifiable assassination; and whenever, or wherever, in Europe or in the United States, the assassin is about to proceed to his work, he himself alone becomes the judge of his justification. If, in our time, there be any doctrine which above every other is abhorrent to Christian sentiment, and is loaded with peril to social order, it is this. Let the American people, in the interests of religion and humanity, for their own salvation and security, visit upon every such or kindred instruction

their indignation and condemnation. It is fit and proper that we inscribe this lesson upon our hearts as we bend in reverence and humiliation before the inscrutable dispensation which has visited upon our country one of the signal horrors of the age. We cannot supplicate the protection and blessing of Him who holds in his control the destinies of this nation, unless we nerve ourselves to the duties which He has imposed upon us as free agents of an organized Christian government.

The meeting closed with the Benediction, by Rev. W. R. Huntington, D. D., of All Saints' church, after the singing of the following stanza :

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee :
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me.
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee.
 Nearer to Thee.

The meeting was a most impressive one, and the only regret was that the hall could not accommodate all who desired to attend.

AT THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

ONE of the most impressive features of the observance of Monday was the gathering at the Catholic Institute on Temple Street. Of this event, the *Daily Times* of September 27th, preserves the following account:

During the nation's affliction, from the firing of the cowardly bullet until the present, the reverend Pastor of St. John's Church has permitted no appropriate occasion to pass without giving the people of his parish an opportunity to express their sense of sorrow at the national bereavement. But it was not until yesterday that their sympathy was expressed by means of a series of public exercises, when the Institute Hall and the grounds about it, were decorated, with much taste, in mourning emblems. The archway over the entrance of the grounds was wreathed in black, and on either side of the cross, over the center of the arch, was a picture of the lamented President. From the castellated turrets of the building waved the American and Irish flags at half-mast. The park in front of the Catholic Institute presented an animated and picturesque view, with the young shade trees and the beautiful plots of plants, surrounded by thousands of interested listeners, seated on the settees which Father Griffin, in his thoughtfulness, had placed in the yard to accommodate those persons who might wish to take part in the memorial exercises. Besides the park, the sidewalk and a good portion of Fenwick Hall were thronged.

A number of representative citizens were in attendance, notably George Crompton, Esq., and family, also Major M. J. McCafferty and family, and Tobias Boland, Esq. The Revs. Robert Walsh, T. J. Conaty, J. J. McCoy, E. D. Casey, P. H. Gallen and Rev. Thomas Griffin entered the vestibule of the

Catholic Institute at 2 o'clock. The Father Matthew Band, which had considerably volunteered its services, immediately played a memorial dirge, the bell of St. John's Church tolling meanwhile. The Rev. Thomas Griffin addressed the gathering from the entrance to the Hall. Father Griffin made a feeling allusion to the occasion which had brought them together, paying a glowing tribute to the worth and character of the late President, and drawing a beautiful picture of the patriotism and love which the terrible blow of the assassin had evoked from the hearts of the people, uniting all, irrespective of creed, race or party, in sorrow for the loss which the nation had sustained, but also in determination to maintain and sustain the institutions which the President so loved. The reverend gentleman's remarks were heartily received, after which there was another piece by the band, and then the members of the several choirs that were present, under the direction of Mr. John F. Murray, sang an anthem dedicated to the lamented President.

Father Griffin then introduced the poet of the occasion, the Rev. J. J. McCoy, whose beautiful poem is here given in full.

OUR MARTYR.

I.

Strong, with the swing of glad reaper,
 Joyous, he worked 'mid the corn,
 Feeding the land with his labor,
 Gathering us gold in the morn.
 Gold of high purpose and effort
 Gathered at morn of his rule —
 But Oh! ere yet half done the harvest,
 Dead he lies, struck by a fool.

II.

Oh! but the pity! sad pity!
 He whom we loved as the true,
 As the good, and the strong, strong helper,
 He who would old hopes renew.
 He is dead by the sad sea, moaning
 Its dirge on the Elberon strand;
 Dead on the heart of the nation,
 Dead on each heart in the land.

III.

Dead to our life's mad rushing;
 Dead to its strife and its hates;
 Its scramble for place and for pillage,
 The lust which the land desecrates.
 His hand was e'er raised 'gainst each spoiler;
 His voice laid their wickedness bare;
 He tore down from high place corruption,
 And sought to put honesty there.

IV.

His God and his country, his honor —
 These three made his shibboleth grand,
 And no deed of his, writ in history,
 This glory will wrest from his hand.
 This day there is 'round him new glory;
 The halo that circles his brow
 Is the white light of martyrdom holy,
 And we have our two martyrs now.

V.

Our Washington freed us from Britain,
 Our Lincoln struck gyves from the slave,
 And Garfield has saved us from spoilsmen,
 And given his life thus to save;
 For the Moloch of wrong sought vengeance,
 Then innocence only could please;
 Our dearest and best must be victim,
 The blood-god's foul wrath to appease.

VI.

Yet God notes the fall of the sparrow,
 And brings out our glory from pain,
 He chastisement gives where he loveth,
 He will not let sorrow be vain.
 Nor in vain is this martyr blood, shedding
 Its sign on our door posts to-day:
 For the angel who punishes nations
 Will see it, and pass on his way.

VII.

And we rise up a purified nation,
 Corruption's foul tide shall be stayed,
 Our laws be administered cleanly,
 As purposed the fathers who made;

And as he who now sleepeth intended,
 And was leading his people to see,
 But Moses-like, dies ere the *Promise*
 Is verified prophecy.

VIII.

From his march there shall be no divergence,
 Columbia kneels low where he lies,
 And in hand taking up his red heart-drops,
 And holding them high to the skies,
 Swears by the blood of her martyr,
 To carry his principles through;
 Through to the end of their purpose,
 Through for the good they will do.

IX.

There are few men so happy in dying —
 Could it be, it were better than life,
 For see now the UNION effected,
 Mark now the stilling of strife;
 To-day, North and South have no discord,
 There is now but ONE COUNTRY we know —
 One brotherhood now in lamenting,
 One harmony now in our woe.

X.

'T is a beautiful, glorious finish,
 For a life that did good with each breath,
 To be now reconciling so sweetly; —
 Our UNION revives in his death.
 Exult too, we may in the knowledge,
 That COUNTRY rests not on *one man*,
 But goes on as destiny bids her,
 The first in humanity's van.

XI.

Goes on with the blaze beating round her;
 The blaze of the scoffers who hate,
 And would fain see her beauty disfigured,
 Would fain see her power prostrate.
 But citizen love, truth and substance,
 Under God, keep her banners unfurled,
 And FREEDOM, her broad native bed-rock,
 Rests deep in the heart of the world.

XII.

Let us be glad then, not mournful;
 The *man*, not the *nation* is dead.
 His name, now, is national heritage
 And with glory of country is wed.
 'T is a sad cry, this cry of the widow!
 But cross and crown is an old, old tale,
 The man went to death for the people
 And her's is a Maccabee's wail.

XIII.

Turn, then, our hearts into temples,
 Make niches for those we revere,
 Write high up their names on the diptychs,
 And hallow their memories here.
 And high where the light falls fullest,
 Close by the mightiest name
 Cut deep for the wear of the ages,
Garfield, with martyr's fame.

After another anthem was sung by the choir, the Rev. T. J. Conaty delivered a masterly address in memory of the dead soldier-statesman. His hearers were visibly affected by the touching tributes that he paid the late President. The following is the oration, as given by the *Daily Times*:

ORATION OF REV. T. J. CONATY.

This is a day of mourning; this is a day of sadness; over every home in this land the shadow of grief is passing. Near every fireside a grim spectre stands. Every true man feels that the grief of the nation to-day is the grief of his own heart. From tower and steeple the bells toll in plaintive tone, summoning the people to unite and mingle their tributes of love and sympathy, and offer it in grateful remembrance to the Chief Magistrate, who, in the hour of his duty and the heyday of his success, was stricken down by the cowardly hand of a vile assassin. Eighty days have passed since that sad event. Every pulsation of the martyr's heart was watched with keenest anxiety. Fluttering between fear and hope, the whole people, all classes, all creeds, all parties, have prostrated themselves before a common God, supplicating him to stay the hand of death.

But a wise Providence had other decrees. The assassin has succeeded, and death has claimed his victim for his own. The last bulletin has been issued. The last pulsation has been recorded. The strong hands are folded across his manly breast, and in his western home devoted friends are placing him at this moment in his last resting-place. The bells of his country are tolling his requiem, and the autumn breezes as they speed westward are carrying to his grave the plaintive love of a united people as their tribute to his worth.

This is a day of sadness; this is a day of mourning; this is a moment of grief. Better fitting is silence in the presence of the majesty of death. But he, who has succeeded to the magistracy of the nation, has ordered that this day be set apart, not for silent mourning, but for the commemoration of the life and services of the great departed. Obedient to this, we dare intrude with words of ours upon the sanctity of the tomb, to place before the people some of the deeds of him whose untimely death we mourn.

It is not my intention to enter into all the details of the life of President Garfield, but only to trace his career hastily, that we make ourselves familiar with it in order the better to understand its true worth. A few months ago the country hailed with glad acclaim his accession to the presidential chair. From his chair of state the new President could look across fifty years of life to a little log cabin in the woods of Ohio, where his earliest remembrance told him of a widowed mother with four helpless children, struggling against all the difficulties of poverty, with nothing to depend upon but God, the little work she could do, and the small pittance which the labor of her oldest boy brought her.

The speaker then hastily sketched the leading events of his life, his poverty and struggles for education, his academy, college, army and legislative life, pointing out his success in every undertaking, and quoting largely from the army and congressional records as to his recognized rank among the bravest and ablest of his day. "The best informed man in public life," said Mr. Chase. Elected President, his ambition was satisfied. He was the chief magistrate of its people, the country was in

prosperity, a united brotherhood rejoiced in a common country, and under the sweetest of auspices the new administration was launched. The bark sped on its way amid the rejoicings of the people, but a rude shock came on that July morning, when the wires told us that President Garfield was assassinated. A vile scoundrel, laboring under imaginary grievances, struck down the President in his hour of duty; and when he fell the nations felt the blow. "And you, and I, and all of us," felt a thrill of horror at the dastardly deed, for we recognized in him who fell, not the man Garfield, so much as the chief magistrate of the nation. The speaker then proceeded to draw some practical lessons from the life of Garfield. He was a type of the best product of American free institutions. His most prominent characteristic was his persistency of purpose which recognized no obstacle too great to be overcome. Setting out in early life to win an honorable position at the hands of his countrymen, his energy never tired in devising means to reach that end. Labor, that brought with it ever so small a pittance, became sweet in sight of the education which it enabled him to obtain. How success rewarded the patient toiler in his persistency, is best seen in the honors which his country heaped upon him, not the least of which is the tribute of respect which a united people finally places on his newly made grave. Another characteristic was his faith in the Republic. His was a faith that this government depended not upon any one man, but on the people; that it needed not a Cæsar, nor a Cromwell to sustain it, for its foundations were deeply sunk in the hearts of free men, and its destinies were guided, under God, by the suffrages of free men. An incident in his life exemplifies this faith. Civil war had distracted the land; brother had met brother upon many bloody fields of battle; dissension brooded over the land; a giant form had arisen to guide the distracted country; a second Washington stood at the helm, and Abraham Lincoln saw peace arising from the ashes of strife in obedience to his master mind. But the embers of discontent seemed only smouldering, and a cruel heart was fired with hate and directed the hand that struck down the saviour of his country in the moment of his triumph. The message went to the

country that Lincoln was assassinated ; and men, maddened by excitement, gathered in the public places to give vent to their grief and indignation. A mob surged through the streets of New York eagerly seeking the latest telegram from Washington. Violence was threatened : great and good men attempted to quiet the multitude, but it seemed of no avail, when a sharp piercing voice was heard : " Fellow citizens, Clouds and darkness are round about him ! His pavilion is dark water and thick clouds of the skies ; Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne ! Mercy and truth shall go before his face. Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives ! " The orator had quieted the angry crowd, and made them think of God and his Providence over the nation. " Who is he ? " was the cry. " General Garfield, of Ohio," came the answer. Here was the faith of the man in the people, and in God.

Another beautiful characteristic of the man is seen in his love of home, and of wife, and of mother. Nothing more affecting than the thought of his home that day in March when an exultant party led him with all the pomp of ceremony into the chair of state. His thoughts seem to speed back over miles of country to that old mother in the village of Mentor. Nothing more affecting than his thoughts of wife and children in the day of his trial when the bullet of the assassin drew forth his life-blood. We might speak also of his spirit of forgiveness towards the South, which seemed to place him far in advance of his party. " I have a hope," said he, " that the day will come when the swords of the North and the South will be crossed over the doorways of our children. I have a hope that the high qualities brought out in the conflict will be the common heritage of the whole nation." These are lessons which Garfield bequeaths to his country. Through the gloom that pervades the nation at the loss of such a man, in the very day of his usefulness, there is heard the same voice that quieted the angry passions of sixteen years ago. " God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." The American people have reason to be proud of their conduct in this moment of grief, they have reason to rejoice that though great men die " the

republic still lives." And, as when Lincoln fell, his legal successor assumed control of state, without a jar or a break, so Garfield's legal successor accedes to power. While a sympathizing people bend low over the grave of their martyred President, loyalty to republican institutions bids them yield obedience to his lawful successor. In other countries across the water the deed of July, consummated Sept. 19th, would probably have resulted in bloodshed or revolution. This is a day of sadness. "Mourn then ye children, for a great leader has fallen in Israel." The fortitude and patience of the sufferer, arising from a strong faith in God, have consoled the people during the anxious days of his lingering death. His struggle is over. His sufferings in life are ended; so are his triumphs. He battled for his convictions; his mistakes have been forgotten in his last battle with death. Many of us differed from him in religion; many of us differed from him more strongly in politics; but it seems as if the cruel blow that brought him to his untimely grave has made men forget the politician, and see only the man, or better still the President of the nation. Around his grave, to-day, all classes unite; creed and party are forgotten, men recognize that a good man has gone from among them. We mingle our tribute with that of our country. We mourn to-day the nation's loss. We feel that when future years tell the history of America, side by side with the noblest and the best sons of America, James A. Garfield, the second martyr President, will hold a cherished place. Dear will his memory be for the recollection of his noble persistency of purpose; dear for the noble traits of forgiveness, manliness, love of home; and dearer, perhaps, still, for the qualities developed during the days of his agony, the Christian faith, the manly courage, the tender affection. Marble and stone may commemorate the deeds of heroes, but, within the heart of every true American, upon fleshly tablets, will be inscribed the name of Garfield, never to be effaced nor forgotten as long as men love true worth.

IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IN accordance with a proclamation by His Honor Mayor Kelly, memorial exercises were held in all the public schools of the city, on Monday morning, September 26th. At a meeting of the Teachers, on Saturday afternoon, September 24th, the Superintendent set forth the object and the manner of the observances, as follows :

SUPT. MARBLE'S ADDRESS.

“The President of the United States appoints Monday next ‘to be observed throughout the United States as a day of humiliation and mourning.’ The Governor asks the people of the Commonwealth ‘to make it a sacred day and to keep it accordingly. A day of public consecration to Almighty God; of mourning for the great dead; of sympathy with his widow, his children, and his aged mother; yet also of gratitude for his noble life, and of inspiration, springing from his example, for the manhood of the future.’

“In order the better to enforce these lessons, and to take the most appropriate notice of the national loss, the Mayor has ordered that the ordinary exercises of the schools be suspended; that the forenoon of Monday be devoted to memorial exercises; and that the schools be closed for the afternoon, when the churches will probably hold religious services at the time of the solemn ceremonies at Cleveland. This mode of observing the day is most heartily approved by many citizens who have expressed their views, and I shall be surprised if all, both pupils and teachers, do not enter heartily into the observance. . . . In what way, I wish to ask, can the ten thousand school children so well spend the forenoon, as, with their teachers and in the presence of a common sorrow, to study the life, character,

and example of the illustrious dead, and to learn the lessons of fidelity, industry, courage and fortitude, which that example teaches? In what other or more appropriate way can they and we observe the requests contained in the proclamations of the President and the Governor? It is by impressing, in an appropriate way, the minds of these children, and not by tears alone, shed either in solitude or in public, that we can best show our regard for the beloved Garfield. As a teacher, he would prefer such a course. there is no doubt. And no prayers or religious service, it seems to me, will be more acceptable than the emotions of reverence, contrition and affection which the contemplation of the public calamity and its heroic victim will call forth from the children in the scene of their daily work. . . .

“In a school of this city, the other day, a boy about ten years old was reading the account of little Mollie Garfield’s parting with her father. Tears of sympathy were on every cheek, for the little girl whom not one of those children had seen. Those tears betokened warm hearts that could feel the sorrows of others. They were precious tears. How easy and how appropriate it is for us, who have the privilege of instructing and guiding these little ones, to show them that many a noble father has left his precious children, and that there are Mollie Garfields, in every school, who need their love and sympathy. Harry, the boy eighteen years old, started in the early morning from Williams College alone, with a satchel in his hand, and a sad heart, to look on the face of his dead father in New Jersey, and go with the body to its last resting-place. In every school there is some boy or girl who has had a similar trial — not less hard to bear because the family was not in a high station. For that family all is now dark; but the sun will shine at length for them as it does for others; and Mollie Garfield and Harry may yet be happy. Such considerations as these, judiciously suggested, now that the time is ripe, may soften the grief of many a child when bereavement shall visit him, and enable him to bear it with equanimity, as the late President did. That solemn midnight bell which sent the sad intelligence to every house in the city, that after all his heroic struggle for life the President was dead — the same solemn sound recalled to every

one the loss of some one near and dear; children of their parents; brothers and sisters of brothers or sisters; mothers and fathers of little ones gone beyond their care. The President's death touches us because he was a man, more than because he was President; and the sympathy with his family is universal because every one has had a similar sorrow.

"And then there are the contrasts which the murder of the President suggests. To him and his family all our hearts warm. What shall be said of the wretched creature who is the cause of all this woe? For one, I wish that his name and his memory might never more be known among men. But this is no time for revengeful or vindictive feelings towards the insignificant being who could do so great a crime. Let us leave him to the course of his country's laws, to his conscience, and to his God.

"But that man was once an innocent boy, to whom the thought of such a crime was terrible. And the President was also an innocent boy. What has made the difference in the lives of the two men? There is n't a boy in school who does n't know to which of these ends a given course of conduct leads. Here is a good chance for an object lesson in morals.

"There is a special reason why the late President should be dear to us here assembled. He was a school master himself. Every noble trait seen in his character may have been stimulated in its development by the duties of that calling; at any rate, those noble traits of character ought to be an example for each of us, to be transmitted to the children in our care as a heritage. The day appointed gives an opportunity to imbue the children with the heroic spirit of Garfield, just as the youthful warriors in ancient times would dip their spears in the blood of the heroes that were slain, in order to stimulate their courage.

"If fidelity to duty, courage in war, fortitude in suffering, and all the manly virtues so conspicuous in James A. Garfield for the past two months, can, by this sad event, be imbibed by the children of the land, and be admired anew by their parents, then the sorrow and the pain will not have been in vain, and the great dead will be stronger in his death than in his life. It is to this end that the memorial exercises will take place in the schools. The good can never die — they are immortal even here.

“ ‘Since good, though only thought, has life and breath,
 — God’s life can always be redeemed from death —
 And evil in its nature is decay,
 And any hour may drive it all away,
 The hopes that, lost in some far distance, seem,
 May be the truer life, and this the dream.’ ”

As a sample of the exercises in the Grammar Schools, the following programme of one of them is given :

- I. Selections from the Scriptures.
 - II. The Lord’s Prayer.
 - III. Hymn.
 - IV. Reading. “General Garfield’s Boyhood.”
 From *New York Tribune*, July 2, 1880.
 - V. “President Garfield.”
 - VI. “Mr. Garfield’s Record.”
 - VII. Singing. “America.”
 - VIII. “To Mrs. Garfield.”
 - IX. “Sad Interview with his Daughter.”
 - X. “Scenes at the Death Bed of Garfield.”
 - XI. “The Funeral.”
 - XII. “My Captain.”
 - XIII. “King John.” Act IV. Scene 3.
 - XIV. Singing.
 - XV. “Letters of Garfield.”
 - XVI. “God Grant him Peace.”
 - XVII. Singing.
 - XVIII. Accounts by children.
 - XIX. Decoration, by children. [This consisted of a procession in front of the desk, where each child deposited a small bouquet in front of the draped picture of Garfield.]
 - XX. “Chester A. Arthur.”
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In the Primary Schools there were exercises similar in character :

The school was opened and closed with the Lord’s Prayer.

The teacher then related such anecdotes from the life of Garfield as would interest and instruct the children. A hymn suit-

able to the occasion was sung to the tune of America. The children were then asked to relate anything they had learned of the late president, and to write sentences from memory.

Pictures from Harpers' Weekly, besides the large picture of Garfield which was in the room, were also shown the children.

In the High School the pupils were assembled in the Hall, and the exercises were begun by appropriate remarks by the Principal, Mr. Alfred S. Roe. Anthems and hymns were sung by the pupils; a quartette. Mr. and Mrs. Seth Richards, Mr. Oliver C. Hutchins, and Miss Gertrude J. Hutchins, sang selections suited to the occasion. Hon. W. W. Rice addressed the school on the character, the manhood, and the personal influence of Garfield, with whom he had long been associated in Congress. Rev. J. F. Lovering pointed out the useful lessons from the nation's calamity. Brief remarks were also made by his Honor Mayor Kelley, and by the Superintendent of schools.

About eight thousand school children personally took part in the memorial exercises. They will never forget the occasion. It will dwell in their memory, and be recounted to children's children.

FACTS IN CONCLUSION.

OF the services of Sunday, the *Spy* of Monday, 26th, says: "It is doubtful if there was ever so large an attendance at the local churches as on yesterday, and with one accord the voice of the pulpit was lifted in praise of President Garfield and the acts which endeared him to the nation."

Throughout the city emblems of mourning appeared on the houses and places of business of our citizens. The general observance of Monday, the day of the President's funeral, is thus described by the *Gazette* of Tuesday, 27th: "Yesterday, the day of President Garfield's funeral at Cleveland, Ohio, was more generally observed in this city than any previous event of its character. All classes of business were suspended, and all classes of people joined in mourning the fate of the dead President. The few lines of business upon which food depends were open for an hour or two in the morning, but by ten o'clock the streets had almost a Sabbath stillness. There was an added profusion to the display of mourning emblems, and a large portion of the people who thronged the streets wore mourning badges. Guns were fired at half-hour intervals from sunrise to sunset, by Battery B, M. V. M., Capt. Allen, at Salem Square, and during the hours devoted to the funeral ceremonies, the fire-alarm bells tolled in half-minute strokes.

At the meeting of the City Council which ordered the preparation of the present memorial, an order was adopted authorizing the Mayor to invite Hon. George F. Hoar to deliver a Eulogy on James A. Garfield, before the City Council at some time to be hereafter fixed upon. Reference has already been made to the general features of full and impressive observance of the event by the numerous church congregations of Worcester. In many of these churches there were Memorial exercises on Monday, among which, from their special features, are to be noted the following:

REV. MR. ATWATER'S DISCOURSE.

At the Church of Christ, on Thomas Street, which is of the denomination known as "The Disciples of Christ," to which President Garfield belonged, the morning service on Sunday was *in memoriam*, and there was also a memorial service in the church on Monday. The entrance to the church was draped with mourning emblems, and there were drappings, and a portrait of the President over the pulpit. On Sunday the preacher of the memorial sermon was Rev. J. M. Atwater, formerly of the city of Cleveland, a pupil of President Garfield, when he was president of Hiram College in Ohio; a personal friend through life, knowing Mr. Garfield intimately.

Rev. Mr. Atwater took for his text the words: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth

much fruit;" John xii, 24. He applied the words of the text, in a human and limited sense, to the dead President. In looking for consolation in this event he was met at every turn by the evidences that the people to-day mourn a great national loss. There was a very bitter sense of a great and terrible waste of power and gifts which were priceless, and infinitely precious. The speaker referred at length to his personal memories of the dead President at Hiram College, and gave Mr. Garfield credit for a teaching power he had never seen equalled in any other man. He described Mr. Garfield as he appeared at the re-union of Hiram College, just after the nomination to the Presidency. He possessed a magnificent physical manhood, a mental power which could arouse and enthuse pupils under his training, and wonderfully increase their value as men and women in the world.

In heart and soul he was as rich as in mental and physical endowments. He was one who listened to and learned of all around him, and won sympathy and affection from every one. In the race and clutching for office, he presented a spectacle never before seen in this country. It is quite common to see many men striving for one office; here were four offices striving for one man! The people of his own district wanted him in Congress, and would take no one else as long as he would serve them; had he continued in the House, the Speakership awaited him as soon as the Republicans came into power. His State had already elected him as a Senator when he was nominated for President, and elected before he could act as Senator. To these four honors has been added a fifth, and a higher than all; he is the Nation's Martyr.

In seeking for the consolations of this sad event the speaker declared that in God's economy there is never any waste. God never permits a criminal to strike a blow, but that blow can be turned to some good purpose. By his sufferings and death, President Garfield rules the nation to-day as he never could have ruled it had he lived. He shall bring great blessings to the nation by his martyrdom. He has been magnified, intensified, glorified and *multiplied* by his suffering. In the ploughed field of American hearts, ploughed by sorrow, shall spring up a rich harvest from the seed that has been planted. He was loved as no other man has ever been loved in this country, and in the great future his influence will be greater than that of Washington or Lincoln.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT ALL SAINTS CHURCH.

At All Saints Church, the St. George Society, an Association of English residents of Worcester, attended in a body at 11 A. M., on Monday.

Immediately after the reading of the proclamation, and before the prayers, the Rector said:

REV. DR. HUNTINGTON'S ADDRESS.

In compliance with the wishes of the Chief Magistrate thus formally expressed, we are assembled this morning, fellow Christians, in God's house of prayer. Words of eulogy in honor of the illustrious dead have been already spoken in this place. Another duty awaits us now. We are here not for

purposes of oratory and panegyric, but simply to mourn and pray; to mourn for this disaster that has befallen our country, to mourn for him whom first we learn to honor and then learned to love; to mourn for the natural sin of recklessness that has made so great a personal sin possible; and to pray that He who is the Sovereign Commander of all the world, will, of His goodness, turn our hearts unto Himself.

Yes, we are here for a further purpose, also. We are here to give expression to our sympathy, which, but for such an opportunity of utterance as religious worship offers, would seem to itself choked and paralyzed. We would tell out our sympathy for her whose widowhood the nation counts as its own, whose fatherless children this one stroke of death has constituted a nation's wards. And we would sympathize also with each other as fellow countrymen, and as members of that larger family which is coterminous with the race.

Not the least impressive among the many signal lessons taught us by this event has been the proof afforded to even the most reluctant eyes, of the ever strengthening character of the bond wherewith God, the Father of all the families of the earth, is knitting the scattered kindreds of His children into unity.

Of all the tributes of foreign sympathy that have reached our shores, none have more deeply touched the national heart than those that have come to us from our old home across the sea. Her Majesty the Queen has seen many great men rise and fall during her long occupancy of the throne,—Wellington and Havelock, Clyde and Lawrence, Peel and Beaconsfield; they are all gone; but never has she done a memorial act more graceful or one more cordially appreciated than when she laid her wreath of English roses on the coffin of Garfield dead.

The Most Reverend the Primate of all England, has spoken for the Church over which he so worthily presides, and a thousand thousand voices all over the realm have told us how the people feel. We send them greeting in return, and I am thankful for the opportunity to say in the presence of a society which represents the English portion of our Worcester population, how warm that greeting is. May we not see, friends and neighbors all, may we not see in this surprising, almost startling demonstration of foreign sympathy, the beginning of a glorious consummation not so very far away; may we not catch, at least, a faint fore-gleam of the day predicted in his youth by him who is now the laureate of England, and whom of all the poets our late President is said best to have loved; may we not catch, I say, a fore-gleam of that bright day

“When the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”



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